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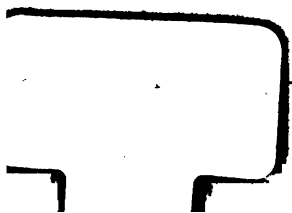
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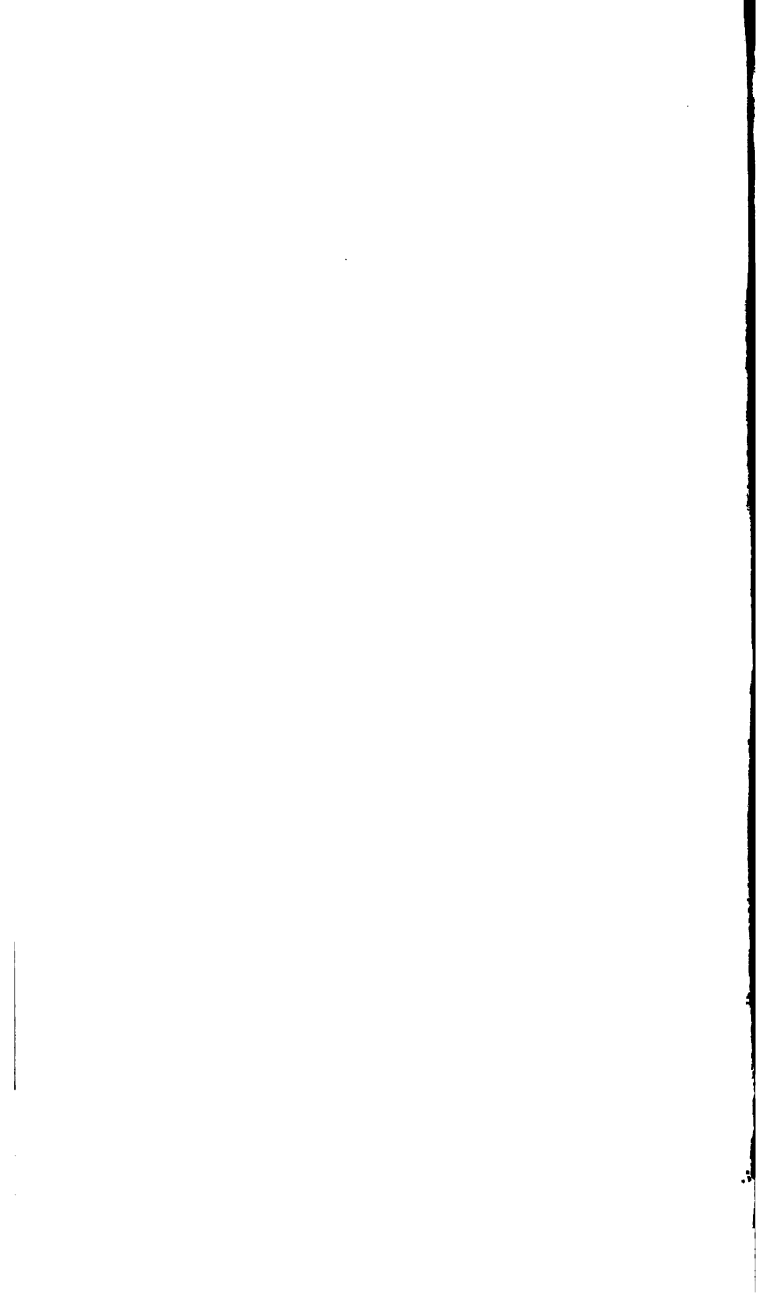
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2.1

POEMS

177

ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

ELIZABETH O. JONES.

"Who'er enjoys th' unsin'd breast  
With virtue's tranquil wisdom blest,  
With hope the gloomy hour can cheer,  
And temper happiness with fear."

PROVIDENCE:

R. H. BROWN, PRINTER.

1819.



WOMAN'S ARCHIVES

Gift of  
Mrs. Carol Fulkerson

# POEMS

ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS,

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED,

BY

ELIZABETH C. JONES.

1)

"Who'er enjoys th' untroubled breast  
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4819

## PREFACE.

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*THE following little Poems were never intended for public investigation. They are the simple effusions of the heart, and were mostly written from the impulse of the moment, when sympathy was strongly excited, or the heart softened by affliction. It was not the vain desire of appearing as an Authoress, which induced the writer to publish them—far the reverse; for she shrinks with timidity from the attempt. Neither can she plead the common excuse, importunity of friends:—but motives far more pressing have influenced her, which, she trusts, when known, will be an apology for her presumption. Should they help to pass away a leisure hour, which might be worse employed than in perusing them; or if haply they should for a moment chase sorrow from the heart of the afflicted, they will not be wholly read in vain. With much diffidence she offers them to a candid public, and hopes charity will cast a veil over their numerous imperfections.*

811

577

2. 1



# POEMS

ON DIFFERENT SUBJECTS.



## SABBATH.



**HAIL, sacred day of rest,  
On which the LORD arose,  
Thrice welcome to my heart,  
A balm for all my woes.**

**The busy week has fled,  
And labour sinks to rest,  
My weary head reclines  
On my Redeemer's breast.**

**Hush ev'ry ruder noise,  
While JESUS stoops so low,  
To visit mortal worms,  
And grace and mercy show.**

The day be all thy own,  
And hallow'd may it be,  
While Saints together sit,  
In sweetest harmony.

May sinners hear thy voice,  
And come without delay;  
Forsake their sins and live,  
On this most holy day.

Oh! may this be to us  
A real antepast,  
If we are Saints indeed,  
We shall be blest at last,

With an eternal rest,  
A Sabbath without end,  
And with th' blessed Jesus,  
The happy day we'll spend.

## **TO A LADY;**

**ON THE DEATH OF HER HUSBAND.**

---

**COULD** friendship, love, or sympathy impart  
One ray of comfort to thy widow'd heart,  
How would I pray, how fast my tears should  
flow,  
How bless'd should Mary be, and free from  
woe,

**And** bless'd you may be: why should we  
repine?

**Is** not the great Bereaver still divine?  
**Yes:** God is just, and all his ways are love,  
**You'll** meet your Henry in the realms above.

**Religion** seek, dear Mary, for your aid,  
**And** Prudence, too, for she's a heav'nly maid;  
**Seek** Reason, also, for she's grave and sage,  
**And** lenient time will soon your grief assuage.

ON THE DEATH OF MISS HARRIET HILLS,  
OF BOSTON.

*Addressed to her Mother.*

---

As e'er a lonely heath a florist past,  
Fast beat the storm, and chilling was the blast;  
Yet oft the Solar beam propitious shone,  
And flowers were rear'd by nature's hand  
alone.

One beauteous rose, much fairer than the rest,  
He espied, much admir'd, and thus address'd:  
"Sweet queen of flowers," said he, "thy  
fragrance rare

"Must not be lost on this wild desert air ;

"Thy tender fragile form can ill sustain

"Those piercing winds and pelting showers  
of rain ;

"Let me transplant you to my green-house,  
where

"My hand shall nurse you with a father's  
-care,"

Thus spake the florist ; and the root remov'd,  
And home convey'd the flower so much be-  
lov'd.

Plac'd in a garden scented with perfume,  
Behold this rose in native beauty bloom ;

Arrang'd on ev'ry side with nicest care,  
Stand myrtles, daisies and geraniums fair :  
How chang'd the scene ! by zephyrs mildly  
fann'd,

And morn and ev'ning comes the fost'ring  
hand

Of the kind owner ; who, with joyful heart,  
Exclaims, " my sweetest rose, we ne'er will  
part."

Accept the simile, dear Madam, tho'  
Your heart is wrung with recent pangs of woe.  
You've lost a daughter, whom you dearly  
lov'd,

But he who made her has your child remov'd  
To that blest world, where all is love and  
peace,

And blissful joys immortal never cease.  
Her lover mourns beside her silent tomb,  
The bridal bed exchange'd for fun'ral gloom.  
" The lovely Harriet is gone !" he cries,  
" Joy of my heart, and pleasure of my eyes !  
" The heav'nly maid I fondly thought my  
own,

" How great my loss, forever shall I moan."  
But she's not lost, she's only gone before ;  
They soon will meet upon the heavenly shore.  
The ways of Heaven mysterious seem to man,  
And Deity weak mortals cannot scan :  
But this we know ; He's ever good and just ;  
Then bow submissive, and His mercy trust,  
And cease to murmur, silence ev'ry sigh,  
She's now an angel with her God on high.

## ON LEAVING MY NATIVE PLACE,

Ah! must I leave the shady groves, and  
     bowers,  
 Where I was born and pass'd my happiest  
     hours;  
 And must I leave them with severest pain,  
 And see a stranger own this lov'd domain?  
 My more than father, must I leave thee, too,  
 And thro' the world a helpless pilgrim go?  
 In ev'ry breeze I seem thy voice to hear,  
 And never shall forget the parting tear.  
 Adieu, adieu, my heart within me dies,  
 And now I seek a passage to the skies.  
 I've seen the frailty of all things below,  
 This transitory world is but a show;  
 Where hope deceives and pleasure cheats our  
     eyes,  
 And as we follow, still the phantom flies:  
 Where often winds disturb the peaceful lake,  
 And snakes lie hid beneath the flow'ry brake,  
 One thing alone can fill the craving mind,  
 With joy substantial, holy and refin'd.  
 'Tis pure religion, handmaid from on high,  
 Can bless us here, and raise us to the sky.  
 Oh! grant me that, kind Heaven, for which  
     I pine,  
 And then the world contented I'll resign.

## ON A SLEEPING INFANT.

---

SLEEP on, dear babe, and take thy rest,  
Enjoy thy sweet and soft repose,  
May angels guard thy downy nest,  
And watch thee while thy eyelids close.

Sweet is thy sleep, thy visions bright,  
And when at morn thine eyes unclosed,  
Thy mother's face affords delight,  
And nurture from her bosom flows.

Much do I wish 'twere thine to know  
Thro' life such innocent delights,  
Fair days of pleasure, free from woe,  
And forever tranquil nights.

But ah ! I know it cannot be,  
I must, alas, the truth disclose ;  
From sorrow you'll not long be free,  
You'll find a thorn to ev'ry rose.

This life is an uneven road,  
Alas ! sweet babe, I've found it so,  
While fix'd on earth is your abode,  
You'll often taste the cup of woe.

The storms of life will soon arise ;  
But soon, indeed, they will be o'er,  
May virtue raise thee to the skies,  
Then sorrows thou shalt know no more.

## ADVERSITY.

---

ADVERSITY with stately step,  
 Came stalking o'er the plain,  
 I saw the maid approaching fast,  
 And view'd her with disdain.

But soon, indeed, I stood aghast,  
 And strove myself to hide;  
 But still the faster she pursued,  
 And would not be denied.

Her meagre hand she clasp'd to mine,  
 As cold as Zembla's snow,  
 Said she, "Do not offend me,  
 "Together we must go."

I view'd her features, coarse and harsh,  
 Her air uncouth and rude,  
 Said I would rather be excus'd,  
 Pray Madam don't intrude.

"Repulse me not," she sternly said,  
 "I'm sent to be your guide,  
 "And what together God has join'd,  
 "Let no man e'er divide."

Prosperity I long had lov'd,  
 The maid was fair to view,  
 In flowery paths we long had stray'd,  
 But now we bade adieu,



Adversity a friend I found,  
 And soon she seem'd more fair,  
 She prov'd a faithful guide, indeed,  
 The truth I must declare.

She taught me many a lesson new,  
 Which I had yet to learn ;  
 My friends from foes she shew'd me how,  
 I plainly might discern.

At length came Resignation fair,  
 I knew her by her mein ;  
 Her even steps and placid air  
 Announc'd she was a queen.

Her steadfast eye on Heav'n was plac'd,  
 And pointed out the way ;  
 She told of joys beyond the skies,  
 In the bright realms of day.

No longer then could I contend  
 Against my adverse fate ;  
 The rugged path of life she smooth'd,  
 And bade me calmly wait.

"Your suff'rings here will soon be o'er,"  
 She said, and bid me rise  
 Above the things of time and sense,  
 To mansions in the skies.

## SYMPATHY.



SWEET is the rosy blush of morn,  
And sweet the ev'ning clear,  
But sweeter still is sympathy,  
And pity's gentle tear.

Sweet is the fragrant breath of Spring,  
But sweeter far to me,  
The pearly drop that glitters in  
The eye of sympathy,

When grief sits heavy at the heart,  
And pleasure seems to die,  
The drooping spirits soon are cheer'd  
By heav'n born sympathy.

ON THE DEATH OF  
MR. NATHANIEL PENNO.

---

*"That life is long which answers life's  
great end."*

---

'Tis past, 'tis o'er, the much lov'd PENNO'S  
gone  
To that blest world from whence there's no  
return.

Relentless death, with most tyrannic sway,  
Has swept a brilliant gem from earth away.  
No panegyric need the muse rehearse,  
Nor need his name be eulogiz'd in verse.  
Tho' dead, he lives in many a grateful heart,  
And tears speak more than language can im-  
part,

The tend'rest ties are sever'd by a stroke,  
Connubial union cruel death has broke.  
And while the parents mourn a darling son,  
The lisping infants weep their parent gone.  
The poor, distress'd, his hands did oft re-  
lieve,

Great is their loss, and justly may they grieve.  
Integrity like his we seldom find,  
Join'd to an active and capacious mind.  
Each moral virtue might he justly claim,  
And deeds of love immortalize his name.

When death approach'd—submissive and  
 compos'd,  
 A well spent life with peace was sweetly  
 clos'd.

When such a man goes to the 'silent tomb,  
 No wonder nature feels a chilling gloom ;  
 No wonder sorrow swells each sinking heart,  
 And kindred spirits with reluctance part.

Sweet balmy hope, 'tis thine our tears to  
 dry,  
 'Tisthou can'st point us to the realms on  
 high.  
 Oh ! come ; and with thee bring each sister  
 grace,  
 Prepare our souls to meet him in that place,  
 Where he is gone, and now at rest we trust,  
 Although his body's mingled with the dust,  
 His spirit's flown to the abodes above,  
 To dwell forever with the God of love.

## ON RECOVERING FROM A DANGEROUS ILLNESS.

---

My God, my father, and my friend,  
 By ev'ry title dear,  
 Permit a feeble, sinful worm,  
 Before thee to appear.

But where shall I begin thy praise?  
 Or how thy love declare?  
 Which sav'd me for thy mercy sake,  
 From death and fell despair.

When scorch'd with fever's burning heat,  
 My frame with pain was rack'd,  
 And Satan with his fiery darts,  
 My mind did sore distract.

My shiv'ring soul stood trembling on  
 Eternity's dread brink,  
 And from the cold embrace of death,  
 Most fearfully did shrink.

'Twas then with many fervent prayers,  
 I did thy name invoke,  
 And thou in pity lent an ear,  
 Nor gave the fatal stroke;  
 Ds.

At thy rebuke the fever fled,  
 And fled the tempter too,  
 My Saviour's merits now appear'd  
 To my enraptur'd view.

Like clouds before the morning sun,  
 He drove my doubts away;  
 Amazing pity! wond'rous love!  
 Of grace what a display.

And now to life and health restor'd,  
 What tribute shall I pay?  
 What sacrifice dost thou require?  
 My heavenly Father, say.

A grateful heart dost thou require?  
 A grateful heart I give:  
 Oh! take and seal it for thy own,  
 While here on earth I live.

And may the remnant of my days  
 Devoted be to thee,  
 And may I sing thy praise, O LORD,  
 To all eternity.

## ON THE DEATH OF MY FIRST CHILD.

But three short moons have wax'd and wan'd,  
 Since first thou saw the light;  
 God plac'd thee here, and now he has  
 Remov'd thee from my sight.

My dearest child, to part with thee,  
 Gives me acutest pain;  
 But still I trust, my darling babe,  
 That we shall meet again.

That consolation calms my breast,  
 And gives me inward peace,  
 That thou hast found eternal rest,  
 Where joys can never cease.

ON THE DEATH OF ANOTHER INFANT, WHICH  
DIED IMMEDIATELY AFTER  
ITS BIRTH.

---

AH! lovely babe, no soomer mine,  
Than God the gift reclaims;  
Mine is the loss, the gain is thine,  
Thy bosom knew no stains.

The vital air thou just inhal'd,  
And saw thy mother's face,  
Clasp'd to her breast weak nature fail'd;  
Thou died in love's embrace.

Adieu, my sweet and precious child,  
I give thee back to God;  
I'll deck thy grave with nosegays wild,  
And "kiss my Father's rod."



## ON THE DEATH OF ANOTHER CHILD.

DEAREST, lovely Harriet, must *thou* go,  
And leave thy mother thus o'erwhelm'd with  
wee?

Oh! stop thy mandate, cruel death, be mild,  
Take not from me my last, my only child.

But, hush my tongue; my rebel heart be still,  
Know GOD is GOD! how prostrate to his  
will.

Tho' she, alas, has found an early grave,  
He's only taken what his mercy gave."

Of such as these, said CHRIST, my kingdom  
is,

And she will reign with him in endless bliss,  
A lamb of GOD: Oh! cheering to my heart,  
Soon may I join thee, ne'er again to part.

Begone, vain world, nor tempt my heart from  
GOD;

There is reserv'd for saints a blest abode,  
Where grief shall cease, and ev'ry tear be  
dry,

And all be joy and peace beyond the sky.

Glide swiftly on, ye rolling orbs of light,  
Till that blest day present to me the sight  
Of my dear babes, from sin and sorrow free,  
Wash'd in his blood who died on Calvary.

**TO A LADY,  
WHO HAD CHILDREN BURIED CONTIGUOUS  
TO MINE.**

---

SISTER in sorrow, come with me,  
To yonder church-yard drear,  
Our lovely infants' graves to see,  
And woe them with a tear.

We'll pluck the weeds from the green sod,  
The roses strew around,  
And raise our streaming eyes to God,  
Then cast them on the ground.

Four little graves, all side by side,  
Together we shall view,  
But in God's mercy we'll confide,  
And bid them all adieu.

Their souls in heaven we hope to meet,  
Together there to live,  
And taste of pleasures far more sweet,  
Than aught on earth can give.

## TO MRS. CHACE,

ON THE DEATH OF HER CHILD.



WELL my heart can tell thy anguish,  
 Well, alas, I feel thy woe;  
 You have lost a lovely daughter,  
 I have lost an infant too.

Ev'ry sigh that swells thy bosom,  
 Ev'ry pang that wrings thy heart,  
 Ev'ry gushing tear that trembles,  
 And each bitter piercing smart;

I can feel with kindred sorrow,  
 And can truly sympathise;  
 But to mourn will not avail us,  
 Let us look beyond the skies.

There behold the smiling cherubs,  
 Dwelling with their God on high,  
 Singing glory, hallelujah,  
 To the blessed Trinity.

Had your daughter liv'd, dear Madam,  
 In this vale of tears below,  
 Sorrow might have been her portion,  
 And the bitter cup of woe.

Where she's gone, no grief can enter,  
 And no pain can her molest,  
 All is joy, and love, and pleasure,  
 Peace and everlasting rest.

Had she liv'd, vice might have found her,  
 And her spotless soul have stain'd,  
 Then, ah! then, a loss far greater  
 Would thy aching heart have pain'd.

Now a child by guilt unsullied,  
 Sweetly fraught with innocence,  
 Meets her God all pure and blameless,  
 Whom she never gave offence.

ON THE BIRTH OF MY LAST CHILD.

---

**HAIL!** auspicious, happy moment,  
 When my Mary saw the light;  
 My fond heart beat high with rapture,  
 When she bless'd my longing sight.

To my bosom, long forsaken,  
 The dear cherub close I press'd;  
 On her lips a kiss imprinted,  
 Then most sweetly sunk to rest,

Oh! my God, look down propitious,  
 Smile upon my darling babe;  
 If it please thee, deign to bless her,  
 And her precious life to save.

And thy name shall have the glory,  
 I'll devote her all to thee,  
 Dedicate her to thy service,  
 While her life is lent to me.

Give me wisdom, LORD, to train her,  
 In thy admonition pure,  
 Both by precept and example,  
 Let me her young mind allure.

Thou alone can'st shield and guard her,  
 Do vouchsafe to be her guide,  
 Uphold her by thy blessed spirit,  
 Never may her footsteps slide.

In virtue's path forever keep her,  
 Fill her soul with heav'nly love,  
 Be a wall of fire about her,  
 Till she joins thy courts above.

## TO A LADY,

ON THE DEATH OF HER SON, WHO DIED AT  
SEA.

---

METHINKS I hear the aged parent moan,  
 "My son, my much lov'd son, alas ! is gone ;  
 "Beneath the briny deep his body lies :"  
 And see the tears stream from her aged eyes.  
 With sympathetic heart fain would I strive  
 To keep the vital spark of hope alive ;  
 With friendship's balm her wounded heart  
     would soothe,  
 With gentle hand her wrinkled brow would  
     smooth ;  
 Lead her from earth and point her to the  
     skies,  
 Where he is gone, to reap a glorious prize.  
 His filial care, dear Madam, well was known,  
 His brave and God-like spirit all must own,  
 Joy of thy heart and solace of thy cares,  
 And sole support of thy declining years.  
 The loss seems great, but God we know is  
     just,  
 And to his sovereign pleasure bow we must ;  
 And tho' no more on earth he'll cheer thy  
     heart,  
 You soon will meet, we trust, no more to part ;  
 Sit down together in the realms above,  
 Where all is joy and peace and mutual love ;  
 And tune your harps with the angelic host,  
 To God the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## ACROSTIC,\*

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

[REDACTED]

HARRY, sweet maid, art thou in realms above,  
 Ah! blest indeed in thy Creator's love;  
 Not beauty, nor virtue, alas! could save,  
 Nor anxious friends could keep thee from  
 the grave:

A cruel spoiler came, with tyrant power,  
 How rigid death, to blight so fair a flower.

What, blighted, did I say? Oh! no: thy  
 bloom

Indeed survives, and lives beyond the tomb;  
 Lightly transplanted to a better clime  
 Lives this fair floweret, in realms sublime;  
 In flowing robes behold th' angelic sprite  
 Now moves above the starry orbs of light,  
 Gliding along, with a celestial grace,  
 Then swift descending, with seraphic face;  
 On friends below she casts her sparkling  
 eyes,  
 Now loves, protects, then mounts above the  
 skies.

\* This was a very juvenile production, and perhaps the Authoress gave too much latitude to a sportive imagination.

## TO A YOUNG LADY,

ON THE DEATH OF HER SISTER.

ACCEPT, dear girl, these weak, imperfect lays,  
From one who never sought the meed of  
praise,

Nor deem the muse officious, tho' she dare,  
Your recent loss with sympathy to share.

Nor think a stranger rude to interfere,  
With grief so sacred, to your heart so near;  
Tho' friendship sweet ne'er drew her silken  
cord,

Our souls, I hope, are sisters in the LORD.  
Allied by sorrow and by grace, I trust,  
Let us remember that all flesh is dust;  
And like a flower it quickly fades away,  
Is gone to-morrow, tho' in bloom to-day  
Ah! painful thought, was there no Gilead  
nigh,

No healing balm the bleeding wound to dry,  
No kind physician, willing to impart  
The soothing balsam to the fester'd heart?  
But thanks to Heaven for one that's ever near,  
A Saviour, present Saviour, ever dear,  
Who has assur'd us saints will live above,  
And meet together in the realms of love.  
Let that assurance calm your troubled breast,  
Your sister's gone to an eternal rest,  
Has bid the storms of life a long adieu,  
And, first arriv'd in heaven, awaits for you.



## REDEEMING LOVE.

---

Oh ! come, dear JESUS, from above,  
 And with grace inspire me,  
 Send down thy spirit like a dove,  
 Help me to admire thee.

Teach me to sing in plaintive strains,  
 How thou did'st bleed and die,  
 All to wash out poor sinners' stains,  
 And ransom such as I.

On Calvary methinks I spy  
 Thy pierc'd and bleeding side,  
 Streaming for sinners such as I,  
 In a rich purple tide.

The very rocks apart were rent,  
 And can I silent be?  
 No : let my latest breath be spent,  
 My God, in praising thee.

## LINES,

ADDRESSED TO THE AUTHORESS.

FORGIVE the Muse, whose humble straining,  
 To thee in mournful verse complains;  
 Forgive the Muse, who fain would raise  
 Her humble notes, to sound thy praise.  
 I know thee\*—and have linger'd long,  
 O'er all the sweetness of thy song;  
 But say—does never fate deceive  
 Thy hopes—and make thy bosom grieve?  
 Was never pain an inmate there,  
 To tell how cold the Muses are?  
 How high Parnassus' giddy steep—  
 How many pilgrims there that weep?  
 Oh say! have not thy mind's rich powers  
 Been wand'ring through the Muses' bowers,  
 And taught to think that pain nor care  
 Had ever place or being there?  
 Yes: this I know has been thy lot,  
 Full often felt—deny it not;  
 For ev'ry child of verse has known,  
 That griefs like these have been their own,  
 E'en MILTON, whose immortal lays  
 Shall be when life and earth decays,  
 Did live to feel misfortune's power,  
 In darkness on his greatness lower;  
 And many who on record stand,  
 The Poets of their native land,

---

\* As we know men, by their writings,

Sleep in some lone, unheeded spot,  
Unwept, unnotic'd and forgot.

But yet, while man is thus unkind  
To those whose fortunes were their mind,  
Blest nature still repays those powers,  
And strews their graves with early flowers;  
And there the birds resort to sing  
Their sweetest notes through all the spring,  
And in the gales that rush along,  
Is heard a wild and gloomy song;  
And the sea green waves in sadness roar,  
For bards remember'd here no more.  
Soon then awake again thy Lyre,  
As often strike, and strike it higher;  
For Oh! its strains delight my ear,  
Such as I long and love to hear;  
And may you reap, for toils like these,  
A world of joy, a lasting peace,

Y.

E3

## TO Y.

~~TO Y.~~

THE gen'rous bard, whose plaintive strains  
 Still vibrate on my ear,  
 In sounds so sweet, so long unheard,  
 Excites a grateful tear.

A stranger's praise demands my thanks,  
 Full right does he divine;  
 He's pictur'd well my woe-fraught heart,  
 In ev'ry glowing line.

The breath of fame I never sought  
 Inconstant as the wind;  
 Much less "Parnassus' giddy steep,"  
 Do I expect to find.

To minds like yours I leave the task,  
 And may Apollo smile  
 Propitious on your gentle Muse,  
 And ev'ry care beguile.

You ask "does never hope deceive?"  
 Alas! I know it well:  
 How oft my hopes have blighted been,  
 My sorrowing heart can tell.

One thing alone substantial is,  
 And gives us lasting peace,  
 'Tis pure RELIGION, undefil'd,  
 Whose joys can never cease.

You'll find it so, my youthful friend,  
 She'll calm the troubled breast;  
 And tho' the storms of life may rise,  
 She'll sooth thy mind to rest.

'Tis that alone of Heaven I crave,  
 While here on earth I stay,  
 And when I die, an humble stone,  
 Inscribed to E. O. J.

## ON HAPPINESS.

On! Happiness, where art thou found?  
 Celestial maiden, say;  
 Or art thou but an empty sound,  
 To lead vain man astray?

With riches once I thought thou dwelt;  
 But there I sought in vain,  
 For still an aching void was felt,  
 And care-consuming pain.

With pleasure thou dost not reside,  
 Her vot'ries know full well;  
 Nor on the mount of human pride,  
 Nor in the hermit's cell.

But in Religion's calm retreat,  
 Methinks thy form I see,  
 Reclining on a mossy seat,  
 With sweet serenity.

I onward press with beating heart,  
 And there the Goddess find;  
 And may we never, never part,  
 So grant it Heaven kind.

## **Selected Poetry.**

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### **THE GRAVE.**

---

**THERE is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found,  
They softly lie and sweetly sleep,  
Low in the ground:**

**The storm that wrecks the winter sky  
No more disturbs their deep repose,  
Than summer evening's latest sigh,  
That shuts the rose.**

**I long to lay this painful head,  
And aching heart beneath the soil,  
To slumber in that dreamless bed,  
From all my toil,**

**For mis'ry stole me at my birth,  
And cast me helpless on the wild,  
I perish!—Oh! my mother earth!  
Take back thy child.**

**On thy dear lap these limbs reclit'd  
Shall gently moulder into thee;  
Nor leave one wretched trace behind,  
Resembling me.**

Hark!—a strange sound affrights mine ear;  
 My pulse—my brain runs wild—I rave;  
 Ah! who art thou whose voice I hear?  
 “I am the grave!”

“The grave, that never spake before,  
 Hath found at length a tongue to chide;  
 O! listen—I will speak no more:  
 Be silent, Pride!”

“Art thou a wretch, of hope forlorn,  
 The victim of consuming care?  
 Is thy distracted conscience torn  
 By fell despair?”

“Do foul misdeeds of former times  
 Wring with remorse thy guilty breast,  
 And ghosts of unforgiven crimes  
 Murder thy rest?”

“Lash’d by the furies of the mind,  
 From wrath and vengeance would’st thou  
 flee?  
 Ah! think not, hope not, fool, to find  
 A friend in me.

“By all the terrors of the tomb,  
 Beyond the power of tongue to tell;  
 By the dread secrets of my womb!  
 By death and hell!



\* I charge thee live !—repent and pray;  
 In dust thine infamy deplore ;  
 There yet is mercy ;—go thy way,  
 And sin no more.

\* Art thou a mourner ? hast thou known  
 The joy of innocent delights ?  
 Endearing days forever flown,  
 And tranquil nights ?

\* Oh ! live, and deeply cherish still  
 The sweet remembrance of the past ;  
 Rely on Heaven's unchanging will,  
 For peace at last.

“ Art thou a wanderer ?—hast thou seen  
 O'erwhelming tempests drown thy bark ?  
 A shipwreck'd sufferer hast thou been,  
 Misfortune's mark ?

“ Tho' long of winds and waves the sport,  
 Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam,  
 Live ! thou shalt reach a sheltering port,  
 A quiet home ?

“ To friendship did'st thou trust thy fame,  
 And was thy friend a deadly foe,  
 Who stole into thy breast to aim  
 A surer blow ?

“Live! and repine not o’er his loss,  
A loss unworthy to be told:  
Thou hast mistaken sordid dross  
For friendship’s gold.

“Go seek that treasure seldom found,  
Of power the fiercest griefs to calm,  
And sooth the bosom’s deepest wound  
With heavenly balm.

“In woman hast thou plac’d thy bliss,  
And did the fair one faithless prove?  
Hath she betray’d thee with a kiss,  
And sold thy love?

“Live!—’twas a false bewildering fire,  
Too often love’s insidious dart  
Thrills the fond soul with sweet desire,  
But kills the heart.

“A nobler flame shall warm thy breast,  
A brighter maiden’s virtuous charms,  
Blest shalt thou be, supremely blest,  
In beauty’s arms.

“Whate’er thy lot—whoe’er thou be,  
Confess thy folly, kiss the rod,  
And in thy chastening sorrows see  
The hand of God.

“ A bruised reed he will not break,  
Affliction all his children feel ;  
He wounds them for his mercy sake,  
He wounds to heal.

“ Humbled beneath his mighty hand,  
Prostrate his providence adore ;  
’Tis done ! arise ! he bids thee stand,  
To fall no more.”

Now, Traveller, in the vale of tears,  
To realms of everlasting light,  
Through time’s dark wilderness of years,  
Pursue thy flight.

There is a calm for those who weep,  
A rest for weary pilgrims found ;  
And while the mould’ring ashes sleep,  
Low in the ground ;

The soul, of origin divine,  
God’s glorious image, freed from clay,  
In Heaven’s eternal sphere shall shine,  
A star of day.

The sun is but a spark of fire,  
A transient meteor in the sky,  
The soul, immortal as its sire,  
Shall never die.

MONTGOMERY.

## THE JOY OF GRIEF.

---

**SWEET** the hour of tribulation,  
 When the heart can freely sigh,  
 And the tear of resignation  
 Twinkles in the mournful eye.

**Have** you felt a kind emotion  
 Tremble thro' your troubled breast,  
 Soft as evening o'er the ocean,  
 When she charms the waves to rest?

**Have** you lost a friend, a brother?  
 Heard a father's parting breath?  
 Gaz'd upon a lifeless mother,  
 Till she seem'd to wake from death?

**Have** you felt a spouse expiring,  
 In your arms, before your view?  
 Watch'd the lovely soul retiring  
 From her eyes, that broke on you?

**Did** not grief then grow romantic,  
 Raving on remember'd bliss?  
 Did you not, with fervour frantic,  
 Kiss the lips that felt no kiss?

**Yes!** but when you had resign'd her,  
 Life and you were reconcil'd;  
 Anna left—she left behind her  
 One, one dear, one only child,

But before the green moss peeping,  
His poor mother's grave array'd,  
In that grave, the infant sleeping,  
On the mother's lap was laid.

Horror then your heart congealing,  
Chill'd you with intense despair;  
Can you recollect the feeling?  
No : there was no feeling there !

From that gloomy trance of sorrow,  
When you woke to pangs unknown,  
How unwelcome was the morrow,  
For it rose on you alone !

Sunk in self-consuming anguish,  
Can the poor heart always ache ?  
No : the tortur'd nerve will languish,  
Or the strings of life must break.

O'er the yielding brow of sadness,  
One faint smile of comfort stole ;  
One soft pang of gentle gladness  
Exquisitely thrill'd your soul.

While the wounds of woe are healing,  
While the heart is all resign'd,  
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,  
'Tis the sabbath of the mind,

Pensive mem'ry then retraces  
Scenes of bliss forever fled,  
Lives in former times and places,  
Holds communion with the dead.

And when night's prophetic slumbers  
Rend the veil to mortal eyes,  
From their tombs the sainted numbers  
Of our lost companions rise.

You have seen a friend, a brother,  
Heard a dear dead father speak.  
Prov'd the fondness of a mother,  
Felt her tears upon your cheek !

Dreams of love your grief beguiling,  
You have clasp'd a consort's charms,  
And receiv'd your infant smiling,  
From his mother's sacred arms.

Trembling, pale and agonizing,  
While you mourn'd the vision gone,  
Bright the morning star arising,  
Open'd Heav'n from whence it shone.

Thither all your wishes bending  
Rose in extacy sublime,  
Thither all your hopes ascending,  
Triumph'd over death and time.

Thus afflicted, bruise'd and broken,  
Have you known such sweet relief ?  
Yes, my friends, and by this token,  
You have felt the "joy of grief."

MONTGOMERY,

## HUMAN FRAILTY.

---

WEAK and irresolute is man,  
The purpose of to-day ;  
Woven with pains into his plan,  
To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,  
Vice seems already slain ;  
But passion rudely snaps the string,  
And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent  
Finds out his weaker part ;  
Virtue engages his assent,  
But pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise,  
Through all his art we view,  
And while his tongue the charge denies,  
His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,  
And dangers little known,  
A stranger to superior strength,  
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail,  
To reach the distant coast ;  
The breath of Heaven must swell the sail,  
Or all the toil is lost.

COWPER.

## RELIGION.

*From the Search and other Poems.*

BY J. EDMESTON, JUN.

THERE is a calm, the poor in Spirit know,  
That softens sorrow, and that sweetens woe ;  
There is a peace, that dwells within the breast,  
When all without is stormy and distress ;  
There is a light, that gilds the darkest hour,  
When dangers thicken, and when troubles  
low'r :

That calm to faith, and hope, and love is  
given—

That peace remains when all beside is riven—  
That light shines down to man direct from  
heaven.

RELIGION, wanderer, only can bestow,  
The all of happiness that's felt below ;  
To the mistrustful eye no God is seen,  
No higher power appears to rule the scene ;  
Hence all is doubt, anxiety and fear,  
If danger threaten, or if grief be near :  
While the believer every danger braves,  
Trusts his light bark, nor fears the threat'ning  
waves ;

And, when the tempest seems to overwhelm,  
Faith views a Providence direct the helm.

They are not truly happiest, who seem  
The gay inhabitants of pleasure's beam :



**Off, it is true, upon th' unworthy head,**  
**Blessings appear in rich luxuriance shed,**  
**As though some all-commanding voice had**  
**cried—**

**“ Here let prosperity and joy abide ;**  
**Riches await him, honours wreath his brow,**  
**Fortune and good to him obedient bow ;**  
**Pleasure be ever present here, and pay**  
**Thy smile unvarious and thy brightest ray ;**  
**Leave nothing yet to be desir'd by him,**  
**But fill his cup of gladness to the brim.”**

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FROM THE PANORAMA.

## THE VISIONS OF YOUTH.

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THERE was a time when youth's fair sun,  
Rising o'er childhood's cloudless sky,  
Its bright career with joy begun,  
As if its light could never die;

But like that magic lamp of old\*  
Entombed with the illustrious dead,  
Would last, while passing ages rolled  
Unfelt, unnoted, as they fled.

Then Hope her future path descried,  
Gay with a thousand blooming flowers,  
The world before her, all untried!  
Seemed bright as Eden's changeless bowers;

And all around enchantment breathed,  
Each tint was bright, each smile was true;  
To her no friendship e'er deceived,  
And time on wings of Zephyr flew.

Then all was lovely, all serene!  
No cloud o'er that fair landscape passed;  
And life was but a morning dream,  
Gay, bright, and happy to the last!

---

\* To the readers of Walter Scott, this "magic lamp" will be familiar—vide the scene of Melrose Abbey, at Michael Scott's tomb.

These were the visions of my youth;  
 And, like the mists of early day,  
 They, in the sober light of truth,  
 Faded and vanished all away.

I found that life, too bright at first,  
 Was not the Paradise I deemed;  
 I saw the landscape fade, reversed,  
 And then a gloomy waste it seemed!

Romantic hope, too highly wrought,  
 Had sketched such scenes as cannot be;  
 And then, enthusiastic thought  
 Shrunk from the cold reality.

To toil thro' years of mental strife,  
 To see unceasing hardships rise,  
 To know the thorny path of life,  
 But as a *trial* to the wise.

To see my day-dreams melt away,  
 When Truth her magic wand applied,  
 And all my visions day by day,  
 Towards fainter distance softly glide.

This was a trial, such as then  
 I had not learn'd, alas! to bear;  
 I sought the cherub Hope again,  
 But she had vanish'd into air!

Then other and less beauteous shades,  
 Usurped her dwelling in my breast;  
 Romance, the genius of the glades,  
 Became my fair, fantastic guest.

And then I wooed *fictitious* ~~woe~~,  
 I loved '*the solitary sigh*,'  
 The luxury of tears that flow,  
 '*In silence from the faded eye.*'

In solitude, unsought, unseen,  
 My sorrow only was my Muse!  
 My votive wreaths no longer green  
 I steeped in sad Parnassian dew.

The roses wreathed around my lyre,  
 I scattered o'er the blasted plain;  
 Bade them no more my song inspire;  
 Yet let the withered thorns remain.

And o'er each sweet responsive string,  
 The gloomy cypress I entwined;  
 That every outward scene might fling  
 Its mournful shadow o'er my mind.

That dream of folly, too, is gone!  
 I blush that once it was my crime!  
 And Reason, sternly looking on,  
 Condemns that utter waste of time!

Of time that cannot be again,  
 Of talent that was never given  
 To fix in minds romantic pain,  
 Or prove ingratitude to Heaven.

For what are we, that we repine  
 At aught unerring Wisdom gives?  
 Who murmurs at the will Divine,  
 But mocks the mercies he receives.

And I have spurned the parent hand,  
Which smote and chastened *to improve* :  
Have murmured at the high command,  
Which, strict in justice, proved its love.

But shall I mourn my follies past,  
If they have taught me better things ?  
No—I have learnt that Time at last,  
Has nought so lovely as his wings !

They steal, 'tis true, our gayest hours,  
And bear our bloom of health away ;  
Not evening dews or summer showers  
So noiseless or so brief as they.

But, then they teach us by their flight,  
To travel onwards to the sky ;  
To reach that perfect pure delight  
Which crowns religious Hope on high.

And have I gained that blissful state,  
Which sees the present with delight,  
And, with confiding hope elate,  
Believes “ whatever is, is right ? ”

Yes—now I know that tranquil bliss  
Which springs from a contented mind,  
That calm and fervent happiness  
The visionary ne'er can find !

Humbly I look to brighter scenes,  
And gladly hail that form benign,  
Of mercy, who with brightest beams  
Cheering all hearts, shall smile on mine !

April, 1817,

O. H.

## HYMN.



To thee, my God, I hourly sigh,  
But not for golden stores;  
Nor covet I the brightest gems  
On the rich Eastern shores.

Nor that deluding empty joy  
Men call a mighty name;  
Nor greatness in its gayest pride,  
My restless thoughts inflame.

Nor pleasure's soft, enticing charms  
My fond desires allure;  
For greater things than these from thee  
My wishes would secure.

Those blissful, those transporting smiles,  
That brighten Heaven above,  
The boundless riches of thy grace,  
And treasures of thy love.

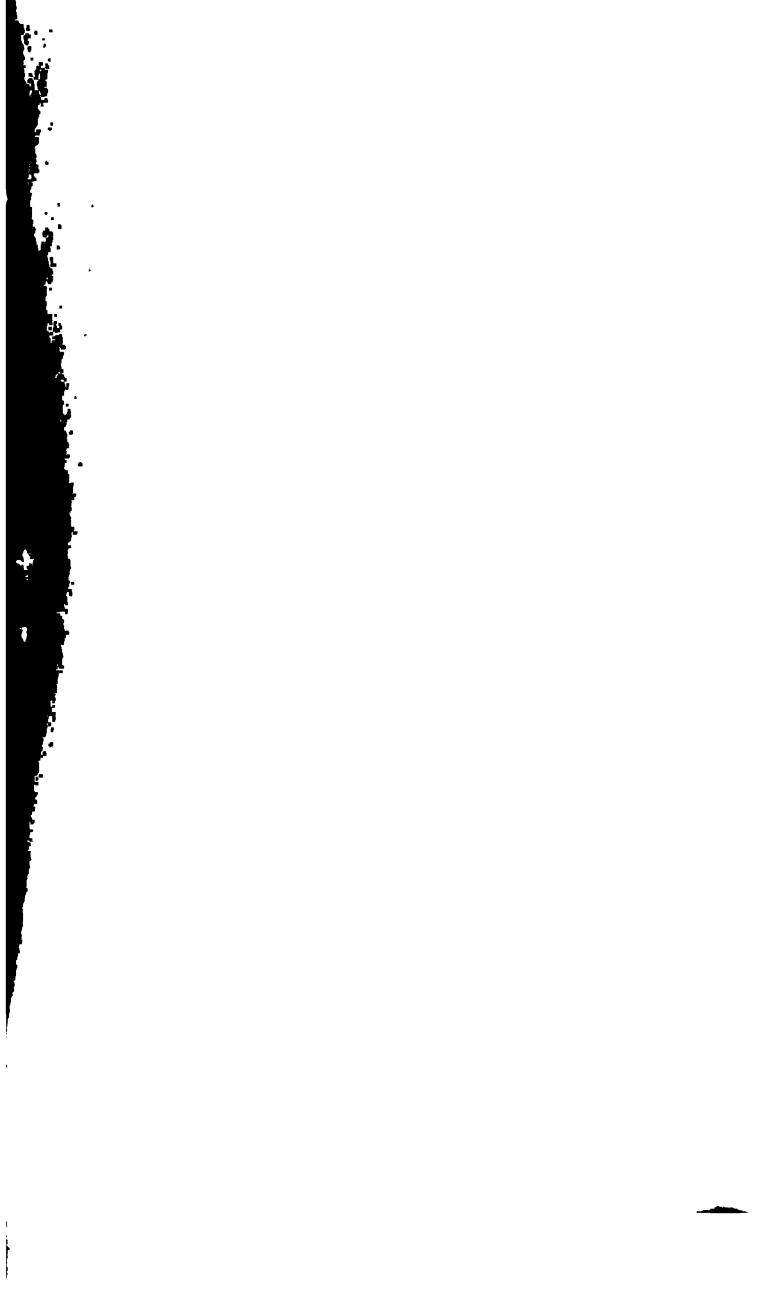
These are the mighty things I crave;  
O! make these blessings mine,  
And I the glories of the world  
Contentedly resign.

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Jones









*Gaylord*

**PAMPHLET BINDER**

Syracuse, N. Y.

Stockton, Calif.